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THE VOICE OF TRUTH.

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THE
VOICE OF TRUTH;
OR,
THOUGHTS ON THE AFFAIR
BETWEEN
THE LEOPARD AND CHESAPEAKE.

IN
A LETTER
FROM
A GENTLEMAN AT NEW-YORK
TO
HIS FRIEND.

TROS, TYRIUS VE, MIHI, NULLO DISCRIMINE AGATUR.

NEW-YORK:

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THE VOICE OF TRUTH.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE crisis in our public affairs, for which I have so often and so earnestly endeavoured to prepare your mind, has at length arrived, accompanied with symptoms of a far more inauspicious nature than any, which, in the most gloomy reveries of my despondence, ever struck my imagination. You have, no doubt, heard of, and I have had the mortification to witness, the despicable farce which, for the gratification of the multitude of this city, for the entertainment of all Europe, and to the no little discredit of the actors who performed in it, was played off upon the people, by the companies of *both houses* of political actors united, in the Park of New-York on the 2d of July. For the fourth time, the faded remnant of that body once great and proud, and justly proud because truly great, the federalists, were found sitting down with the Clintonians, (De Witt in the chair) like two hostile nations of Indians after a scalping match, the sachems of the good old tribe of order, and the sachems of the rights of man, in savage policy smoking the calumet of peace together, while envenomed and unappeasable hatred lay rankling in the bottom of their hearts—their *unanimity* was great, for as Puff says in the play, “ whenever they *do agree*, their *unanimity* is wonderful.”

Shallow lookers-on were astonished and delighted—the crafty democrats, had so greatly profited by this new-fangled itch for leaguings, which had for some time been the habit of the federalists, that they considered it to be one of the best staple commodities of their traffic, to exhibit their adversaries in the humble state of players of the second or third fiddle in their overtures ; and of course they were pleased, while the federalists seemed to be rendered insensible by their humiliation, to the loss of their importance and dignity. It might have been as well, if they had first considered the nature of such coalitions. A moment's cool reflection, might have told them that a sudden union of inveterate enemies, is the sure signal of victory to one of them ;—that, like a truce or an armistice in military affairs, it is an incontrovertible proof of conscious weakness and inferiority in one party—and that, if the contests between them, were contests of principle, unanimity must be a base subordination of principle, either on one side or the other. It is evident that these disadvantages were on the side of the federalists, since the meeting, and all the proceedings of it, were strictly conformable to the creed of the democrats, a creed which the sound federalists had for years the honour to oppose.—The whole was a demagogical appeal to the passions of the multitude: a wretched kind of *plebis consultum*. The turbulent tribunes, the Gracchi of the state, called a meeting of the people—so far the thing resembled the proceedings at Rome of old—but unfortunately the people were not quite Romans, and our degenerate patricians were found contented to have their venerable heads reckoned by the poll with the greasy red caps of the mob.

As an American, my dear sir, you will lament these extravagant proceedings—as a federalist, you will be grieved for this lamentable degradation of that once respectable body. I for one, should be much more proud if there had been less

unanimity upon that occasion. After what has so often passed between us, you will not think this feeling of mine at all paradoxical. The crisis in our national affairs, which has thrown out this eruption upon the surface of the union, and which has given rise to these very wise and temperate *consultes sur la pave* to which I allude, have been for a considerable time expected by me. You know, that I long since declared it to be my opinion that the British would, at last, be driven by the principled malice of the present rulers of America, into some active demonstration of resentment; you know, that I stated to you my conviction, that nothing but the dignified generosity, the enlarged spirit, and the unexampled magnanimity of the late British ministers, delayed so long some vigorous manifestations of that indignation which was not only felt by the British government, but was become the popular feeling of all England. You also know, that as soon as, in an evil hour for this country, the king of England dismissed his late ministers and took into the cabinet those who now hold the reins, I pronounced, that a blow would soon be struck at America. The transaction at the Chesapeake, therefore, did not at all surprise or greatly alarm me. I could not help deriving consolation under it, from another and a long entertained opinion. For some years, I have been apprehensive that nothing but the pressure of some temporary calamity from without, could bring the American people back to a just sense of the ruin, in which the counsels and bad measures of their present rulers were gradually involving them; or convince them of the necessity of calling into power, that party who had uniformly opposed those measures, and strenuously endeavoured to prevent their consequences. I consoled myself with the expectation, though there were some things against them which can neither be concealed or justified, that the federalists would have kept themselves distinct as a body, aloof from that set of men whom they knew to be in every public principle, and every public purpose, radically wrong

and corrupt ; and would have remained pure and defecated from any of the vices of the new school—from the abominations of unmixed democracy. That, at least they would have steered clear, with a large offing too, of those political vices which they had so long and so passionately deprecated, and which they so unmercifully condemned in their adversaries. I thought that they would have been the last among men, to mock the gravity of deliberation by calling the multitude into council, or to cast one of the most awful and momentous concerns that ever befel this country, into the shade of ridicule and contempt, by taking the sense of that multitude upon it. I flattered myself that, at a crisis when facts were pouring in, in evidence of the truth and wisdom of the federal doctrines, and in condemnation of the party whose evil counsels had brought the country into the dreadful situation in which she is placed ; and when it depended upon the part they acted, and how they acted it, whether her glory and their own should rise or set for ever, they would have stood forth in the manly attitude becoming men of the school of Washington. I could not have imagined, that at the very juncture at which, more than at any other that has ever occurred, it became their duty to put in practice their own reiterated precepts, to employ all means in their power to make the national passions wait upon the judgment—to allay popular fury, to weaken public prejudice, to bring the wild and wayward opinions of the people under the gentle control of discretion, and to place the general mind under the dominion of sovereign reason, they would on the contrary have slipped into the dirty worn out shoes of the democrats—condescended to play the mischievous demagogue, and, with all the servile arts which men of that trade use to cajole mankind, influence an already angered populace, by unbridling their passions and then appealing to them. I little imagined, that at the very moment when the unprincipled faction which they had been for years manfully combating had, by their own gross mis-

conduct, corruption and vicious policy, brought their country into the jaws of ruin, and themselves into consequent jeopardy and danger, the federalists would, instead of maintaining their station and calling down a nation's vengeance upon the heads of the offenders, have all at once turned round, and clutched them by the hands—meanly stooped to borrow a little weak reflex popularity by sneaking into the good graces of the men whom it was their duty to impeach, and by one crouching act given them an amnesty for all their past offences, gratuitously washed the lepers clean of all their spotted sins, and stooped to be the servitors and sewers, to convey over them the waters of this stygian regeneration.

Do I go too far?—No, I will compel the reflecting part of the world to own I do not. You my, dear friend, who have known every emotion of my heart, every thought that passed through my mind upon this subject, will bear me witness how long, how ardently, how sincerely, I have deplored the sad waste, or rather havock which has for some time been made of the honours and interests of federalism by the imbecility, by the wavering temper, by the time-serving craft, by the expedient-seeking policy of its stewards. Three times, had every federalist of sound understanding and pure sentiment, been shocked and disgusted by the prostration of their cause and principles, at the feet of mean delusive shabby expediency. Three times had they seen the hungry office-hunters who compose the pack, but who, having neither huntsman nor whipper in to keep them in order, are ever running lewd and babbling, push their hydra heads into the noose of Jacobinism, in hopes like Lovegold to “touch, touch, touch,”—and three times did they see them exposed to helpless indignity. They coalesced with Burr, and to the end of their existence the foul B will stand branded on their foreheads for it. The killing of Pierce furnished them with the basis of another project, on which their hopes fixed with all the irrational avidity of ill in-

formed men blinded by rapacity. To turn the irritation of the multitude to their own advantage they were weak enough to think possible, and forgetful enough of their foregone principles to attempt. They threw flaming brands among the people—they added fuel to their fire—they heated the warm—they inflamed and set in a blaze the hot, and they exasperated outrage into madness. Nay, casting the laws of the land under the feet of the infuriated populace, and putting on one side all the higher order of sentiments which give man that distinctive pre-eminence over man that he seeks in vain from wealth, they gave the *fiat* of their approbation to the ruffians who feloniously robbed the British of the things they had fairly bought and paid for at market, and which were as much their own as the coats they had brought on their backs from England with them.

The part of this transaction which is, if not most to be lamented, certainly the most surprising, is that with a kind of mob-like persuasion almost amounting to personal violence, they impressed into company with them a man who, whether considered as a gentleman, a scholar, or a man of moral excellence, ranks amongst the highest in his country, and as a statesman is perhaps not surpassed in any country in the world. He was met by this whirlwind of infatuation, error and outrage, and carried away, without his feet being suffered to touch the ground, along with it.*

It was natural to imagine, that having now felt the baleful effects of their unprosperous cleverness, they would have reverted to the good old proud mode of wise men and better days, and insured to themselves the negative merit of doing no mischief to their cause by such ill advised abortive at-

* I may say, I think, of this truly worthy gentleman, "*Qui penitet peccasse, pene est innocens*"

tempts. But nothing could put them out of conceit with experiment. For election purposes they made a new league with Lewis—with a man who every day of life that passed over his head, was controverting their opinions, impeaching their principles, and in fact villifying the best men of their body, by the most fulsome panegyrics upon Mr. Jefferson. For if those repeated eulogies on Mr. Jefferson were true, Hamilton and all the federalists must have been the worst of men for traducing him. This coalition had the effect that might be expected—it injured federalism, and it extinguished the little influence of Lewis.

Thus, had they been three times repulsed by the people with shameful discomfiture. Their enemies chuckled with joy, and considered them as having reached the very bottom of degradation—but some few honest spirited federalists, though mortified, consoled themselves with the hope that being now probably disgusted with experiments of that kind they would, however hungry they might be for the fishes, be, if not ashamed, at least wearied with throwing out their lines to the populace, only to draw them up over and over again, with their hooks naked, their clumsy baits nibbled away from them, and their sinking lead all over bemired with the filthy mud and slush of democracy—in a word that they would for the future avoid every ephemeral allurements which fate, intent as it should seem upon making them the instruments of their own degradation, might throw in their way, to seduce them within the circle of derision and contempt.

These good men however reckoned without their host. A new incident occurred—one which afforded the federal leaguers an opportunity to trace back their steps into the path of duty from which, in the case of Pierce they had so deplorably deviated—to maintain the character of their country and assert its independence, and to put the public mind and spirit

into the cool and firm posture best calculated to meet a dreadful concussion—to collect into one focus all the scattered rags of intellect which, in the wreck of human reason that surrounded them, could be brought together, wholly deterged and defecated from all alloy of brutal physical force and popular interposition, and under the guidance of sound, manly judgment and discretion, to pour forth the remains of their fury, not in idle vaporous menace and unworthy verbal invective against a few British individuals, acting under the compulsion of their sovereign's orders, but first in resolute, firm, orderly and legal impeachment of that faction, to whose evil dispositions and corrupt practices the offences against which all their invective was poured forth, were wholly and solely to be assigned, and then if necessary in *effective* war upon the enemy.—They had before them, as fair an occasion as could have offered, to do real service to their country by fixing the blame of an impending war, which promises to be ruinous to the country, on those who were in fact the promoters of it ; but they chose rather to take a shorter and smoother road to popularity, and bluster about their country as if they suspected that they were not considered by the people sufficiently attached to it. And now I hazard the assertion that they will find they have failed—that they have absolutely converted themselves into buttresses to support the democratic faction, and give it permanency in power, and that they will soon hear the world exclaim, that in their conduct upon this affair they have absolutely improved upon that which they observed in the case of Pierce, and that they have as on the three former occasions failed to touch the object they sought for. They may now indeed say with the tumbler at Bartholomew fair “ behold I have leaped four times through this blackened hoop and never once touched it ! !”

If there be any man hardy enough to deny all this, I desire to refer him to the federal prints for the last eight years, in

which, if there be any one series of political reasoning more solid, more continuous, more consistent, and better concatenated than any other, it is that which goes to prove that the conduct of the present administration was such as it was impossible for any man not to consider inveterately gallican, jacobin, and calculated to subjugate this country to France, to draw upon it the suspicion and resentment of Great-Britain, and to provoke her at last to open hostility. Upon this ground I take my stand. The federal prints were right—but why do the federalists now, instead of following up that principle, completely lift the blame of the war from Mr. Jefferson and his faction's shoulders, and join him in throwing it on Great-Britain? Upon this rock I build my argument, and “the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

“Players and prostitutes, Madam,” (says Foote in his celebrated letter to the Dutchess of Kingston) “must live by pleasing the public: not but that your grace may have heard of ladies who by private practice in that way have accumulated amazing fortunes.” I very much fear, my dear friend, that our political scheme in this country, from the heart of the marrow to the surface of the skin, from the crown of the head to the nail of the little toe, from the magistrate to the half fed blustering editor who issues his daily doles of calumny to purchase his daily cheer, is, from the very necessity of our vitiated habits, in a state not one whit more flattering to human pride than that of these same players and prostitutes of whom Foote speaks. Provided the purpose of the prostitute be answered, that is to say, provided the *PECULIUM* comes into the pocket, it gives little trouble whether the cullies be well or ill—whether they come off sound or infected. With respect to the bluster and fury which has been displayed on the occasion of the British infraction, I hold it to be spurious on the part of those who promote it. The democratic leaders affect it, in order to spread among the people a more virulent hatred to Britain.

In this they act consistently with themselves, and upon the same principle or rather detestable feeling which has governed all their political conduct since the commencement of the French Revolution. THEIR villainy it is, which has occasioned the breach, and THEIR arts are now used to widen it;—They are in this only clenching the nail which they have for several years been driving. But as for the honour or true interests of the country, why truly they feel as much about it (not more) as they do for the saviour of the world, whom they have denied. They have served France as they imagine by provoking England, and that is enough for them—that is sufficient for jacobins.

With respect to the federalists, I do them the justice to believe that they really do lament the affair, and that if they had given themselves time for consideration, they would have done, what they ought to have done. Something no doubt may be allowed for the first impulse of national pride a little outraged; but the great moving principle, the mainspring of their conduct in this instance is, popularity seeking. As Falstaff says about the rebellion of the Percys, popularity they imagined lay in their way, and they thought that they might as well pick it up. By these two adverse parties the whole population of the country is set in a flame, without its knowing any thing more, than that an American vessel has been fired into, and that men were killed under such and such circumstances, and with such colouring as those interested persons chuse to assign to it. The public gallimaufry of patriotic resolutions and anathemas against England, potent though its effects may be on the many, is more party-selfish than sincere—a mere springe to catch the poor long beaked snipes and wood cocks who live by suction—a trap for the sovereign of America, the mob, Irish, et hoc genus omne.

Let us, who have not given up our souls to the specious delusions of the day, investigate the matter with the temper

which its importance demands ; let us put our notions methodically together upon it, and though we cannot stop the barbarous torrent, or prevent its inundating the country ; try whether we cannot, like a certain kind of provident ant, raise for ourselves a little mound, a hillock above the flood, from the top of which we may look down, tho' painfully to ourselves, contemplate the scene below, and provide for our own exemption from any share in the blame of the general ruin. Let me have your thoughts, and I will endeavour to give you a conception as clear as I can of the general subject as it appears to me.

There is nothing in the detail of the late transactions which gives me so much pain, of which an American ought to be so much ashamed, or which must lower our country in the estimation of the world so much, as the illiberal invective, the womanish railing, the absurd and impotent expressions of anger which have been poured fourth from every mouth (from every newspaper is no wonder) and from the meetings of the populace in their deliberate resolutions upon the captain of the Leopard. One would think, that those who uttered them, were ignorant of the meaning of words ; or had been all their lives bred, either in the innocence of a nursery, or in the guilt of a brothel.

What in the name of heaven could they mean by applying the term cowardly to the conduct of the captain of the Leopard ? An officer receives a positive order from his commander in chief—" you are to stop such a ship and demand from her certain men that are on board her. If they are not given up to you, you must force them in the ordinary way, that is, fire upon the ship till she complies." According to the old and the new doctrine of the whole world, to hesitate to comply would have been cowardice in the officer, and as such would be punished with disgrace and death.—But we are all infected

with the new philosophy, and imagine that we have a right to make distinct laws to suit our own convenience upon every occasion that occurs. "What a mean, shabby, cowardly thing it was to fire upon a vessel that was not able to resist." This, my dear sir, I have heard uttered from all sorts of people. Nay, I have heard it wafted forth from lips that Hebe might have envied, on a breath sweet as the breeze of dawn as it blows over banks of violets. I have seen a face on which the eye of taste might dwell with endless transport, and on which God had stamped the charming serenity of his own heavens, distorted by a transient knitting of the brows, as the vulgar babble of the day, put into that mouth by beings of an inferior order, passed through it; and I could not help cursing the subject which could even for a moment fret a channel in the forehead of so much loveliness.

To heighten the dramatic effect upon the public mind, ladies were said to be on board the Chesapeake. This is indeed managing the affair in the true Jeffersonian spirit—appealing to the PITY and forbearance of our enemy. The Chesapeake was a vessel of war or she was nothing—as such, not as a passenger ship, she was to be treated by the captain of the Leopard. If the reasoning used upon this occasion were true, the whole business of wars would be inverted, and weakness not strength would be the sure road to victory. Instead of fitting out a seventy-four with five hundred men and a sufficiency of guns, the best policy would be to fit out a neat barge—say a gunboat or so—if she had any guns to house them, or if need were, spike them—but take care and invite a large party of ladies on every cruise, so that whenever a vessel of war ranged along side, the ladies might be handed in full fardingle upon deck, where if the commander of the hostile vessel should have any bravery *à la Jefferson*, he would be afraid to fire upon them, but valiantly retire as Sir John Mordaunt once did, or is said to have done, from

the coast of France at the sight of the cockle woman* on the strand.

But let us suppose captain Humphreys had acted so unlike a British officer, and so certainly *a la mode de Jefferson*, as to leave his duty undone; let us suppose him in arrest, and brought to a court martial for disobedience of orders, and then let us see how well his answers to the questions of the court would become him.

C. You received these orders from the Admiral—did you in obedience to them demand the men from the commander of the Chesapeake?

H.—I did.

C.—Did he comply?

H.—No, he peremptorily refused.

C.—Were not the Admiral's orders to you to compel the delivery of them by force in case of refusal?

H.—They were.

C.—And can you account to the court for not doing so?

H.—Why, there was no way of compelling him but by firing upon the vessel in the usual way.

C.—And why did you not fire?

H.—Because the Chesapeake was weaker than the Leopard, and it would be taking advantage of them.

C.—So then, sir, you imagine that a weaker vessel, however mischievous, must never be coerced by a stronger. But you

* Sir John Mordaunt being sent on an expedition against Rochefort, on the coast of France, returned without attempting to land a man. A brave soldier, angered at the disappointment, on his return home, gravely related, that Sir John, on viewing the shore with his spy glass, and seeing some old women gathering cockles, turned round in trepiation, and said, we cant attempt to land—the Swiss troops are drawn up on the shore. I know them by their broad faces and long whiskers.

had your orders, and had no discretion—you were bound to obey them.

H.—I know that ; but then there were ladies on board.

C.—I am afraid, sir, this apology wont avail—you must be shot, sir.

I believe that, from the beginning of time up to the present moment, there has never been known a single instance, till America presented it, of a military or a naval officer being personally abused by an enemy for executing the orders of his commander. Those who propound this foolish and disgusting trash know that they are all the time speaking against common sense, truth, and the established customs and laws of the world. But see, my friend, what all this would end in. It is of the right jacobin family, and would lead to the re-establishment of the old barbarous warfare—or rather to the warfare of the savage tribes of our aboriginal Americans, in which every man who was caught was put to the torture, scalped, and murdered. I very much fear, that if Captain Humphreys had entered Norfolk, after the 23d June, a tragedy would have been acted which would have vied with any that had ever been performed there, in the days of the renowned Pocahuntas. For the credit of the country, then, let that disgraceful gabble be got rid of as soon as possible.—Captain Humphreys, like every other subordinate military or naval officer in the world, is a machine which must move according to the laws prescribed to it. If he were taken he must be treated as every other prisoner of war is, unless our goodly government should think proper to abrogate the long established laws of war, and adopt the murderous, discretionary, capricious code of its prototypes—the French revolutionists and Bonaparte. I am indeed grieved for all this weak wandering of our people from the path of propriety. I am sorry that they have degenerated into mouth warriors and

“ Scolded like a drab—like a very cullion.”

I am sorry too, that they descended to the petty spitefulness of staving the water casks. Blows and battles of another kind should have been the first, given to Britons, by the offspring of Britons. Don Quixotte was asleep when he cut the wine skins, and he had the merit of imagining them to be giants. But the giants with all their crested honors were at sea, on board the British fleet, when the water casks were so valiantly encountered, *and made to bite the ground*, and when their poor, thin, harmless blood was shed upon the shore, by men as broad awake as I am.

So much for the conduct of the British officers. But matter of much deeper, and more serious import, remains now to be discussed. And here let me remark, that upon the just consideration of the part of the subject that is to follow, it will depend, whether America will come out of the contest with ruin and disgrace, or with honour and advantage. In a country where the popular will so entirely influences government, and the opinion of the people is the guide of those who should guide them, he alone can do effectual service to the country, who will set them right—who will tell them the truth, however disagreeable—who will serve them against their will—who, when he finds them diseased, will not spare the salutary severities of medicine—who will probe to the quick to find out the bottom of their sores, and, like a resolute surgeon, will boldly apply the cautery or the knife if they be necessary. Those who, to keep in, the good graces of the multitude, pursue an opposite plan, flatter their preposterous notions, nourish in them their errors, and (to carry on my former allusion,) rather than give a momentary shock to their morbid feelings, by handling their disease as they should do, and instead of radically curing

“ But skin and film the ulcerous place ;

“ Whiles rank corruption ruining all within,

“ Infects unseen,”

are their very worst enemies. At this time, more than any other, it is expedient that the people should be told the truth. There is now, an interested conjunction of the two political bodies of the country to deceive them. He who has the courage to set them right, has a just claim for ever on their gratitude—and, if that claim be disallowed, he will at least have his conscience to resort to for his reward.

The first thing which a man so disposed would advise the people to, probably, would be, to take care that their reason be not smothered in their *self-sufficiency and anger*—he would advise them to scan the affair, between the Leopard and Chesapeake, as if it were a contest between two indifferent persons, submitted to their arbitration; in a word, as if they had nothing to do with it; or rather, indeed, he would advise them to look with a jealous and suspicious eye on their own overruling prejudices, and to throw a weight of candour into the opposite scale to counter balance those prejudices, to take especial care that their rooted aversion to Britain, and their overweening fondness of their own country, do not hurry them into decisions, which will not be the less mischievous to themselves and their country because they resulted from errors and predilections of their own adoption: and he would peremptorily tell them, that it would not only lead to their material injury, but redound to their eternal dishonour, to urge forward a contest, and make an inseparable breach with England, without investigating the subject—sifting it to the bottom, and conscientiously convincing themselves upon the questions, whether Britain may not have received provocation sufficient to justify her conduct, and whether her own existence would not be endangered by abstinence from it.

The worst of it is, that, of our population, there is too large a portion who either do not understand the nature and grounds of the contest in which England has so long been

engaged with France, or who are actively and on principle hostile to England, merely on account of the part she takes in that very contest. I have sifted the minds of the people of America diligently, laboriously and attentively, and I am firmly persuaded that our general dislike to Great-Britain, for some years past, has been inculcated by those who are agents of France, or else who are partial to her, not as France, but as the mother and nurse of jacobinism.—I know that, when touched to the quick upon this subject, there are some of them who will recur to the injuries of the revolutionary war; while others, again, will attempt to justify the undue leaning to France by pleading the gratitude due to her by America for her services in the revolution. But neither of these really consider, or, considering, believe what they say. The animosities of the revolution had greatly subsided, and where they live at all now, are only kept alive in the memory of vain-glorious would-be orators, as cabbages are kept in winter locked up in dark cellars, fermenting and stinking, to fill up an occasional vacuum in a periodical oration, which they want brains to fill, to furnish topics of coarse invective against Britain, and fulsome adulation of themselves *per antithesin*—and to supply them with a subject upon which to disgorge the froth and foam and spume of their turgid declamatory folly, and to luxuriate in that idol of their tasteless souls, fulsome, nonsensical bombast. As to their gratitude to France, it is still more false and preposterous. THAT FRANCE, to whom America is indebted (if indeed she be indebted to any,) is not the France to which those persons are now affianced—that power which assisted them (but not till the affair of Saratoga had secured to America her independence) was the monarchy, not the jacobin usurpators, or any of them. Had Bonaparte been on the throne, instead of Louis, he would have helped America to shake off England, just in the same way that he helped Venice to get rid of THE IRON YOKE OF THE PROUD HOUSE OF AUSTRIA—(for those were the words of his promise to their ear)—that is

to say, after robbing her of every thing, he would have handed America over to England, as he did hand over Venice back again, by the treaty of CAMPOFORMIO, to the iron yoke of the proud house of Austria.

This fond predilection of America for France, then, cannot fairly be kept out of sight, in contemplating the motives of Great-Britain.—I hazard nothing in asserting, that from the first unfolding of the French revolution, down to this day, a vast majority of the inhabitants of America, among whom were one and all of those who administer our government, and that party and the partizans of that party, have uniformly and openly exhibited, and without ever affecting concealment, avowed an hatred and hostility to Great-Britain, wholly unprovoked on her part, and unwarranted by honor, honesty, common sense or national policy. In a contest between two nations, neutral to us, and being at three thousand miles distance, what business—what right had America to make herself a partizan to either, and shew her malice?—America, *the pacific, the mild*—was it not enough for her, that she was feathering her nest by the contest, and enriching herself from the shipwrecked commerce of the belligerents. If national profit and advantage then were the only objects of the people they might and ought to have been contented. But far from it—they held other opinions—they thought that they might kill two birds with one stone, and while they lined their pockets, and puffed up their luxury and upstart state, till vanity itself might cry shame, and voluptuousness, breathless with indignation, would cry hold, no more! they might gratify their *good hearts* with a little modicum of jacobinism. Yes, my friend, a damnable doctrine—not a nation has been all along the object of their affections; and when we speak of the contest between France and Britain, and of all those who in all countries, whether parties, states or individuals, side with either of them, we can truly speak only of jacobins and anti-jacobins—all who

are friendly to France being jacobins—all who are friendly to England being anti-jacobins. Away then with all the rest, it is idle, foolish gabble, and untrue as idle, and still more wicked, as well as untrue, than foolish. Smitten by the charms of the French revolution, fraught with congenial regards for the revolutionists, and stimulated by the contagious intercourse of rebels and jacobins, fugitives from Europe, that faction which has for eight years ruled, and by ruling cursed America, early became jacobin; and as England was the guardian genius, who threw her shield and her spear over Europe and the world to guard them against the jacobins, she naturally became obnoxious to the hatred of that body, where-soever they did congregate. In America, they congregated thickly, or rather swarmed and clustered like bees. This mass of bad, combustible matter, was daily increased by hosts of jacobin Irish, who fled from justice at home, to take refuge in the *asylum* proclaimed by Mr. Jefferson to be open *for oppressed humanity*—(a bitter ingredient in the present lamentable state of things, and therefore hereafter to be further noticed)—and who did not add so much to the quantity, as they improved the virulent quality of the mass. Stung with a sense of traditionary wrongs, to which the good natured jacobins had kindly opened their eyes, and with the disappointment of their schemes, as well as by expulsion from their native country—by nature also, furious, untractable, implacable and fell, they one and all applied themselves with their utmost industry to the jacobin work, not of serving themselves, not of serving of America, not of doing credit to their country, and reducing its blasted fame, but of stirring up the hearts of Americans, to hatred, and vengeance, and hostility against Britain.

Thus we find the greater part of the Americans, including their executive, his council, and a large majority in congress, deadly enemies, on principle (such as theirs,) to England.

In every part of America the most fulsome affection was shewn to the French, the most pointed insult to Britain. Though British individuals could not but be fretted and angered at the misadvised conduct of this mobbery, it not only was, not resented, but probably never was seriously thought of, by the British government. The public affronts and injuries, which, at the instance of a French faction, combined with that very set of men now in power in America, were offered to the British nation, the cowardly mobbish attacks upon Britons, in America, though the two countries were at peace, and in seeming amity—the personal violences offered to British men and British vessels, in Charleston harbour, and elsewhere, by hordes of French revolutionary assassins—these, the national magnanimity of Britain did not stoop to notice. Nay, when the very magistracy of America became participators in the guilt, when the chief magistrate of Charleston, so far forgot the dignity of his country, the probity of the magistrate, and the honour of the gentleman, indeed, the ordinary decencies of life, as to take part with the ruffians, and liberate them, gratis, from prison, to which they had very justly been committed, not a word of complaint or expostulation was heard from Great-Britain.

Here, let us suppose a case. Suppose a British cruising vessel of war were to enter a port in America, and that her captain and crew, finding the people there, violently partial to his country, should, in conjunction with other Britons on shore, and with many Americans, board the French vessels in the port, rob them and throw their effects overboard, beat the crews unmercifully, and cut and maim them—suppose that, in order to prevent the total destruction and murder of the French, a magistrate were to order a party of troops to arrest and put the English ruffians in jail for the riot and assault—and suppose that the governor should, out of zeal for England, and hatred to France, have liberated the English ruffians, and let

them loose again to cut the throats of the French. Suppose, that in addition to this, the captain of the English vessel, attended by his myrmidons, and accompanied by a large portion of the city, were to take the French flag from a vessel, and laying it down in the streets, trample upon it, and the English captain, were before them all, to untruss, and void his excrements upon it, while the crowd shouted praises congenial to the deed: what would the French rulers—what would Bonaparte have done when he heard it? Why, indubitably, (if England did not bar him with her navy) he would have laid the town in ashes. Yet all this was done, by the French and Americans, to the English and British flag in Charleston—and the vile author of it, attended by some respectable characters in that city, dined together, and thence went to the theatre, by his invitation, to the benefit of a favorite actress, where the fellow, after sitting in doughty state, went upon the stage, playing a thousand apish tricks, with the *bonnet rouge* upon his head, to the great admiration, delight and applause of the elegant audience.

I own, that the endurance of these things, was much fitter for Mr. Jefferson's Cabinet, than for the government of Great Britain. And I cannot help despising it, because it sounds so much in unison with that very note of the Virginian Nightingale, which I consider to be the pitch pipe of all that is contemptible in human conduct. Yet let it be remembered, that England was at the time hard pressed by jacobins at home, as well as in France and America. The loose slanders, and casual calumnies of a few individuals, are little, and therefore ought not to be noticed, much less should they be rested upon as grounds of animosity against the nation to which the persons who utter them belong. But when an unabating, uniform, unappeasable, inexorable antipathy is manifested to a particular nation, by the heads and ruling party, and through them, by the majority of a commonwealth, whose magistracy

and legislature is at short periods appointed by the people—and whose executive shewed him to be still more, if more could be, than the majority, filled with hatred and prejudice against that nation—the nation so hated is pinned down, by the very necessity of her situation, to a state of hostile suspicion, and however mild and magnanimous, however moderate or tolerant she may be, there must be gradually deposited in her bosom, an accumulation of combustible matter, ready for a violent and terrible explosion, whenever the first heavy collision takes place between them. That this has been for years the posture of the public mind of America towards Britain is undeniable. The federalists know it—they have all along disapproved it, because it served party purposes; yet when the natural consequences exhibit themselves, in the affair of the Chesapeake, they turn on their heels, and affect to be as violent against Britain as if they thought that Britain had no provocation.

Have the federalists forgotten, or will the democrats pretend to deny, that the party who now rule this land, who give the tone to every political act and opinion, and whose partialities and prejudices set the wheels of government in motion, in whatever direction they please, did attempt to raise an army in this country for France, when in her very worst, jacobinized, revolutionary state?—Will they deny, that they did every thing to urge the administration (then fortunately federal) into a war with England, and an alliance offensive and defensive with France?—Will they deny, that they have done every thing to cripple the efforts of Great Britain, and to advance the interest of France?—That their prints were almost wholly employed in reviling Britain, and in pleading the cause of France,—or that their very shippers, and captains, and commanders of every kind, from an Indiaman down to a dung barge, were active, energetic agents for France, in their way, putting in practice all the tricks, and telling all the false-

hoods* in which they are so infamously versed, and for which they are so notorious, that when any thing mean, fraudulent, deceptive, or perfidious is attempted to be described in the ports of Europe, or in the East or West Indies, a Yankee captain is generally selected as the object of comparison?—Will they, I say, pretend to deny this?—Perhaps they may, for what will they stick at?

There is not a man in England, that reads the public prints for political information, that has not long known the fanatical abhorrence, which the gentleman who has for eight years ruled America, entertains to England. His conduct in France, his letters, his correspondence with Mazzei, his close union with the jacobins and French party in America, his subsequent conduct when secretary of state, all marked it sufficiently.—His principles too are a pledge for his enmity to that country. The friend of Tom Paine could not be the friend of England.—The advocate of French revolutionary principles could not but be hostile to the virtuous cause of Britain. In private, his zeal has overborn his good manners, and, what is more extraordinary, his hypocrisy. A very pedant, he could not discourse out of his habitual calling. In mixed companies—nay, on public occasions, when the malice of the man should have been veiled under the decency of the chief magistrate, he could not decline his favourite topic. But sneers, invectives, and infamous slanders, trickled from his beggarly lips upon Britain. English gentlemen have been obliged to remind him politely, that they were of the country he reproached.

Why, my dear sir, for one hundredth part of the insults and injuries, offered by this ruling faction, and its chief, or

* They very frequently set the British fleets wrong, particularly Lord Nelson's, when pursuing the French from the West-Indies; he was in the right track, and one of these jacobin villains set him wrong.

rather this sect and its high priest, to Britain, Turreau would, if they had been offered to France, have looked him into annihilation, and Bonaparte would have covered the plains of Florida and Louisiana with gallic cutthroats. No concession, however mean, no sacrifice, however great, no submission, however shameful, no humiliation, however dishonourable, was held too great to keep them in temper.

Upon getting into power the president lost no time in shewing his teeth to England. He began with shedding crocodile tears over the sufferings of Europe from war. Wicked war, waged against France and jacobinism, by Britain. Thence he cast towards Ireland the eyes of his fond paternal care, and beckoned to the rebels there, under the quaint general term of OPPRESSED HUMANITY, to come over and take shelter under his *generous*, brave and powerful wing. Why, sir, that very act ought to have been resented and repelled, *in limine*, by Great-Britain.—A more indecent, unjust, and insolent intrusion, a more malicious affront, or a deeper injury, could not be offered by the government of one nation to that of another. Let us appeal to the bosom of any man upon the subject! suppose a person hearing that a disagreement subsisted between the father of a family and a part of his children, and that the father had been represented as harsh and unjust upon some occasion, and they as discontented and moody, should intimate to the latter, that as they were very ill treated he had a room and beds at their service, and would receive them, if they would abandon their parents; what must the father, what must any man of feeling, common sense, or candour, think of him?—That the person making the offer was a saucy, officious intruder, affrontful and injurious?—No, but that he was a bad man, and an enemy, and had some dishonest, base and sinister design in it—and how much stronger would the motives be for thinking so, if that same person had publicly laid it down as his principle, that no one should take strangers unadvisedly into their

house. Mr. Jefferson, when he held out temptations to oppressed humanity (meaning thereby the rebels and seditious subjects of Great-Britain) to come to America, for shelter, and used his unlimited influence with congress to give those same malcontents new privileges, as an inducement, had, at this very time, his opinion recorded in that gallimaufry work, "Notes on Virginia," that it was unwise and impolitic to do so. Some strange motive, no doubt, then it must be, which urged him to this act. Americans think it was to multiply the red-cap'd snouts who vote for him—but I believe that was an after consideration; I believe it was to injure Great-Britain and soak, away its population. I am sure that Britain thinks so. I dare say Bonaparte has been told so.

Let us only contemplate this man, stretching out his encouraging, fostering hand, to rebellion in Great-Britain, and then let us view him leagued with Wilkinson, in carrying persecution to the utmost severity, to a rigour beyond the law, in the case of Burr.—His majesty, Tom, by the grace of—(of whom) the U. S. of America, against Aaron Burr, late VICE KING of the said United States—make out the mittimus for this Vice King! Gracious God—what American, if he have the soul of a chicken in his body, or the brain of a grandfather gander in his pate, can bear this absurd and wicked trash.

"Quis tulerit Gracchos seditione querentes?"

An asylum for merit persecuted, and humanity oppressed, by the British government, being thus opened in its very teeth—or as I have heard some Englishmen keenly remark, a receptacle for stolen goods and run away servants and children—being thus publicly announced, not only those who had never even pretended to be so, and who only wished to evade the duty they owed to their country, poured into America from Great-Britain, from America, and Ireland. Mutineers and

deserters from the navy and army were received, and the people of America were pledged by their ill designing rulers to protect them. Systematic perjury was called in, to aid and cover the deserters ; and men who had but lately arrived, were sworn to have been born in this country. The laws established for centuries, by which Great-Britain, and I believe all nations in the civilized world, regulated their population, were, for the first time, called in question and contravened—and by whom ? Why, by America—by a twig sprung from a stray root of Britain, long after that law had been established. Never till, in their own chimerical vanity, and for their own sinister purposes, the democrats of present America did it, were there any men bold enough to controvert the old principle, that “ no citizen or subject has a right to shake off his allegiance to his country.” Without entering into metaphysical discussions, it is enough on this occasion to say, that it was and is the law of Great-Britain touching her own subjects, and that, touching them, no nation has any right to impugn that law ; at least any right but force. It remains to be seen whether America will find the value of the object, incumbered with the injustice of the attempt, worth an experiment to obtain it at the expence of force. The fact is, that every man detained from Britain, in violation of that law, is taken from her by a species of fraud—and may legally be retaken by force, since there is no competent jurisdiction to which Britain can appeal for justice.

I might here enlarge on the nature of the contest in which Great-Britain is engaged. A contest for the whole civilized world ; to preserve all that is valuable to them upon earth, and in which England ought, for that reason, to have the hands and hearts of all the world along with her. The federalists once thought so—it was one of their most pregnant topics of controversy with the democrats. But where would be the use of my speaking now of a principle, discarded even from the common place book of its advocates, and now

more strenuously than ever opposed by its enemies. What would it avail to assert true principles, when the whole country, frightened from its propriety by the broadside of the Leopard, throw down their principles, as if the weight of them retarded their proceeding, and in the rash precipitation of alarm, imagine a thousand dangers that exist not, and running their heads pell-mell against each other, create real dangers and mischief, by their inconsiderate efforts to provide against those which yet can scarcely be said to have a shape.

Sic quisque pavendo
 Dat vires famæ, nulloque auctore malorum
 Quæ finxere timent.

To return.—I put it to the bosom of any man of candour, whether Great-Britain has not had, upon what I have already stated, sufficient grounds of jealousy of America, and whether, if nothing more were chargeable against the latter than the pertinacious, systemstic trickery, by which she endeavours to drain the very life blood of the British navy, and to palsy its arm, there is not abundant ground for the direct charge of the present chancellor of the exchequer (Mr. Percival) that “ the American government was acting in connivance with Napoleon, to injure Britain.” For I would ask the president and his faction why he should enter—I beg his pardon, I don’t suspect him of it—but lead his country into the BLOODY ARENA, armed cap a pee, as champions for the mutineers and deserters from the navy and army, or population of Britain. For them, he or his country can have no affection—and to my certain knowledge, out of a thousand of those reprobate democrats, who would clamour aloud to give those men generous protection, and who would involve their country in all the horrors of war for it, there is not one who would pay down ten dollars to save a poor culprit of them from the gallows. Can Great-Britain, can any man, having a heart in his body, be in-

sensible to, or forgetful of, the conduct of this faction, which now holds the sceptre of America, in the case of the mutineers and murderers of the *Hermione*. With what atrocious pertinacity they resisted the delivering of them up to justice in England. Why was that?—was it that mutiny and murder were so dear to them, that they were recommendations of the perpetrators to their favour?—or was it, that the malefactors mutinied against, and murdered *ENGLISHMEN*?—Hah!—there's the rub. What! my friend—is not that circumstance an ingredient, and a strong one too, in the mass of proof which the world has before it, of a hostile disposition in the rulers of this country, to Great Britain?—What says every Briton?—Why this he says, had Mr. Jefferson been president, the atrocious murderers, who were justly hanged, and the fragments of whose skeletons now dangle in gibbets on the banks of the Thames, would be to-day clever, honest, living citizens of America, voting for Mr. Jefferson and his partisans, standing hail fellow well met, *in perfect equality* with the best of them, and joining their savage voices with the other savage voices of the mob, for vengeance on that *gallows* land, Great Britain.

———*Sævit animis ignobile vulgus ;*

Jamque faces, et saxa volant ; furor arma ministrat.

Hitherto we see nothing but one elaborate tissue of hostile design and malicious conduct, on the part of the present American administration, to Great Britain. Enough, if it were reduced into the form of a manifesto, to rouse the indignation of the people of that country, calm and phlegmatic as they are, and to justify in the eyes of the world, any measures of resentment that might be adopted by that government.

But the deadliest blow aimed at Great Britain, and that which had been nearly the most fatal to her, was struck by

this country. It was one in which the insatiable rapacity of our merchants was most deeply concerned. And it furnishes a curious, and a striking illustration, of the pernicious effects of commercial avarice on the human heart.

In all former wars between Great Britain and France, the superior means and power of the latter would inevitably have ultimately insured her success, if the navy of the former had not enabled her to cut off the sinews of war, by intercepting on its way, the colonial produce of France and Spain. Successfully accomplishing this object, always brought, and indeed was the only means of bringing, the pride of those countries down to reasonable terms of peace. In the present war, it was, for some time, matter of astonishment to the world, how the several rulers of France were able to recruit their finances. Mr. Pitt, more than once, announced them as in the very gulph of bankruptcy.—The accession of Bonaparte to the imperial diadem, added to the enormous expenses of the war, the extravagance of a court, which, in prodigality, far outdid any thing known in the worst days of the Bourbons. It was known, that the revenues of France, and all that the tyrant was able to pillage from the various conquered countries, or exact by loan from the other countries of Europe, or to draw by fraud and intimidation from this, did little more than supply the unexampled extravagance and parade of his court. How then was his vast military and national expenditure furnished?—Scarcely a French or Spanish vessel could get in safety from their colonies to the mother countries; yet the enormous waste of his treasury was continually repaired. How was this?—Why, the whole colonial produce, of France and Spain (bullion and all)—were conveyed home under the neutral flag of America, and thus were the merchants of this country, for their own private emolument, administering aid to the power of France, and wasting Great Britain to the bone. Yet it was in this very class of

men, Britain and her cause had the greatest number of pretended friends, and Bonaparte and France the greatest number of seeming enemies. There was hardly one of them who would not accompany a British politician through the whole round of his principles, arguments, opinions and assertions, and cordially ring the changes upon them all, till he came to the point of the covering trade. Then every thing wore a new aspect—then the whole artillery of the counting house were turned upon G. Britain—then every trace of the ruin of the world by Napoleon, of the danger of jacobinism, of the prostration of the liberty and independence of the nations of the world beneath the feet of France, of public spirit, order, patriotism, good government—religion—even of christianity itself, which seemed so deeply impressed on my gentleman's mind before, were instantly erased, from the retina of his brain, over which there immediately danced money bags, and bank shares—town houses and country houses, coaches and gigs, and cotillons and jigs, and madam and my daughters, with a whole cavalcade of bandboxes from Mrs. Toole's and Mrs. Bouchard's—Duport's bills for capering, and Jackson's for the piano forte, with silk hangings, and Turkey carpets, and God knows what of pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses, and then comes his honest and sagacious observation—"why, 'tis true, sir, as you say, I wish England could get the better of Bonaparte, but with regard to that there trade (the covering) we have a right"—A right, sir—you had no right to it before the war. France and Spain shut you out from those colonies. Ay, but France and Spain have since opened them to us, and given us a right.—Indeed! that was very kind of them, to be sure—to give you a right which was withheld from themselves, and which, if Britain has a right, or the power to withhold, from them, the principals, she has, a fortiori, a right to withhold from you, their second hand assignees.

The fact is, that these two questions of right, viz. that of Britain to impress her subjects, and that of her preventing the

covering trade, were so intimately interwoven with the war-means of that nation, that she could not dispense with them. They were, therefore, either to be admitted, or the matter must of necessity resolve itself into a business of force. It was the interest of both sides to avoid that; but to give those points up entirely would be certain ruin to Great-Britain. The late cabinet of St. James's seems to have taken the matter up in the happy temper that belongs to great minds—in the true spirit of peace. They made concessions to America—which lost them their popularity, but which will for ever enbalm their memories, to gratitude and love, when the miserable names of the miserable reptiles who have occasioned the strife shall be buried with the clod that composes them. The treaty of Messrs. Monroe and Pinckney was a glorious one for America—but it was not palatable to Bonaparte, because it fixed peace between Britain and America upon a stable footing. The President of course did not relish it, so like the old mule of the Abbess of Andovillet, in *Tristram Shandy*, “By my fig,” says he, “I’ll not stir an inch further.” It is worth while to enter into the heart of this great man, and see how “his MAJESTY, or rather HIS MAGNANIMITY,” communed with himself upon it.

In all this underhand, base business, which I have with religious punctuality detailed, the British government preserved the most dignified calmness and temper—and while that great people, with unruffled serenity, each went on with his own work, undisturbed in the midst of war by the tumult that surrounded them, was this, in peace, harrowed up with the miserable process of its own internal baby-house conflicts. Of the mischievous temper and disposition of our government babies, no doubt the British had full knowledge—of the imbecility, folly, corruption and timidity of its rulers, they could not be ignorant—but they minded it not. The two parties reminded me of Burke’s beautiful figure—“Because half a dozen

grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that thou who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field ; that of course they are many in number ; or that, after all, they are other than the little shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour."

England made no complaints, played off no cozening tricks, offered no cheating bargains—she acted neither the beggar nor the bully—*she* besought no loan, dragooned us out of no tribute, she exacted nothing from our fears, she took no advantage of our folly. Upon every disagreement, and at the instance of France, our administration was fractious enough with her ; *she* acted in the spirit of candour and friendship. Though she knew, as well as Napoleon does, what stuff our chief is made of, she sent no hideous raw head and bloody bones, in whiskers, to awe us into compliance, or "distil us to jelly with the act of fear"—but to demonstrate the sincere wish for harmony which influenced their minds, her ministers selected, as their messenger, a gentleman calculated in every respect to win the regards, and to extinguish the prejudices, of all who were not wholly French. The son of the lord chancellor of Britain, of temper mild, in manners gentlemanly and conciliating—frank, yet firm, unassuming and unostentatious, though liberally maintaining the splendour of his rank, and though sufficiently dignified, wholly unsullied with official arrogance, and untainted with that hauteur which, in a great measure, shut those who preceded him out from the hearts of the people, and of course from an intimate knowledge of the country. The appointment of such a person ought to have been received by the American administration, as most probably it was intended, as a compliment, and as a proof, not a

little satisfactory, that they wished to cultivate the friendship of America in sincerity.

All those manifestations of temper, on the part of Great-Britain, were so directly the reverse of the conduct of France, that it is likely the American cabinet (taking its auspices from its own general feelings) imagined that England was *afraid* to go to any great lengths—and indeed the language of the president's creatures in congress, on the non-importation law, encourage that belief. He, in all likelihood, thought, that because Britain did not bully, she might be brow beat, and that because she wished for peace, she was afraid to go to war. He refused the treaty, though so advantageous to America—he peremptorily insisted upon sheltering British deserters with his flag—but as he was no way interested, and disliked the commercial body, he left the covering trade to take its chance hereafter.

Mean time an unexpected change takes place in the British cabinet. And now he ought to have known what was to be expected. He knew that the present ministers denounced, in parliament, their late ministers, for their concessions to America. He ought therefore to have given orders accordingly, and either to have conveyed to his officers a little of the abatement of spirit which he himself must have felt on the occasion, or else made active preparations for war—we see no such thing in the conduct of the officers of the Chesapeake—we perceive no trace of it in his.

Certain men, who allege they are citizens of the United States, being on board the British fleet, deserted. Here particular care must be taken to retain in sight one leading fact, which is, that they got away by an act of mutiny. Intelligence is given to the British officer that they have entered

on board the Chesapeake. The British captain meets the American commander on shore and demands his men—the American says he knows nothing of them; but that at all events, no power should take from him any man sailing under his flag. Intimation is given to commodore Barron, that, if he attempts to carry the men out with him, they will be taken from him, notwithstanding which he goes out—the Leopard is ordered by the British admiral to go out before the Chesapeake, to demand the men, and if they be not given up, to take them by force. The captain of the Leopard obeys his orders—commodore Barron refuses the men, a broadside is poured in, and after much mischief is done, the men are taken by the British.

Now it appears to me, that, considering the men were mutineers, commodore Barron acted unwisely, if not illegally, in detaining them. The question respecting the men is no longer, whether they were or were not British subjects, but whether they were or were not mutineers. Mutiny is a crime of so high an order, that it signifies nothing who commits it, whether alien or citizen. An alien may escape from a ship, but an alien has no right to set fire to it, or create a mutiny in it to effect his escape. The navy of England has many foreigners, Danes, Swedes, Russians, Portuguese, &c. in it—the American ships are swarmed with British seamen. Is it then lawful, or ought it to go abroad that it is, that none of those are punishable for mutiny because they are aliens? I hope no body will maintain such absurd, such dangerous doctrine. Here lies the point of distinction. Commodore Barron little knows the duty of a seaman, or the laws of war, if he would suffer a British vessel to detain from him a British subject who had mutinied on board his vessel, and I hazard a conjecture, that no British captain would be guilty of sheltering such an offender.

At all events, there was no occasion to keep the mutineers on board the Chesapeake, in defiance of all laws. If commodore Barron wished to afford them an escape, he ought to have put them ashore, and not gone to sea, in defiance, with them. If he meant to show his resolution, he ought to have been prepared to back it better than he did.

The whole of this unfortunate affair, therefore, for which so much unmanly abuse has been launched at the British, is evidently of American origin, and springs remotely, as well as proximately, from ourselves. Whatever hostile feelings England may entertain in her bosom against America, are but the natural consequence of the repeated injuries and insults of the party in power. Whatever evils may follow the business of the Chesapeake is justly attributable to the illegality and imprudence of harbouring and protecting the mutineers.

No doubt it was natural enough for the democrats to grasp at this business, to throw the nation into a flame—the party in power have, in this transaction, and in the concessions of the federalists upon it, obtained all that they have for years been seeking for—they have made a diversion in favour of France—they have put it in their own power to play more openly into the hand of Napoleon—they have kindled new animosities, and more lasting ones, between this country and Britain, the only scourge of jacobinism, and so far forth as they can cripple or diminish the efforts of England, they aid and support that damnable principle. They have brought over the federalists, or rather the federalists have brought themselves, to a virtual acknowledgment, that, not the faction in power, but the British, are wholly chargeable with this transaction—and of course, have passed an act of indemnity for the whole mal-administration of Mr. Jefferson. What the democrats, therefore, have done, is natural enough; and it is observable that they have, through the whole business, acted and spoken with

much more temper than the federalists. Would to God that the conduct of our party was as blameless as that of their adversaries.

Turning, on the other hand, to the proceedings and expressions of the federalists, we see nothing to praise, and much to condemn. When I consider how much they might have done for their country, and for the sacred cause, which totters on the shoulders of such miserable supporters, and contrast it with the mischief they have done, and then compare both with the conduct of the democrats, I am fain to think, that the omnipotent has decreed to make this country a monument of his wrath, by wholly consigning it to the destiny it has for several years been seeking; that for this purpose he weakens or dementates the good, and gives daily increasing vigour and energy to the wicked—that he consigns to distraction, and withers into imbecility, the counsels of those to whom it was given to support the cause of virtue among us, while he permitted the vicious to carry on their work with spirit, and with all the infernal energies which the devil can impart to his elect. This calls to my mind a passage in a celebrated speech—indeed one of the very best ever delivered in the British parliament. The orator is contrasting the energetic conduct of the French revolutionists, with the comparative imbecility of the measures of the British cabinet, as I do now the vigour of the democrats with the feebleness of the federalists, and what he says is so completely applicable to this subject that I will quote it.

“ When I look at the conduct of the French Revolutionary
 “ rulers, as compared with that of their opponents; when I
 “ see the grandeur of their designs; the wisdom of their
 “ plans; the steadiness of their execution; their boldness in
 “ acting; their constancy in enduring; their contempt of all
 “ small obstacles and temporary embarrassments; their in-

“flexible determination to perform such and such things;
 “and the power which they have displayed, in acting up to
 “that determination; when I contrast these with the nar-
 “row views, the paltry interests, the occasional expedients,
 “the desultory and wavering conduct, the want of all right
 “feeling and just conception, that characterize so generally
 “the governments and nations opposed to them, I confess I
 “sink down in despondency, and am fain to admit, that if
 “they shall have conquered the world, it will be by qualities
 “by which they deserve to conquer it. Never were there
 “persons, who could shew a fairer title to the inheritance
 “which they claim. The great division of mankind made
 “by a celebrated philosopher of old, into those who were
 “formed to govern, and those who were born only to obey,
 “was never more strongly exemplified than by the French
 “nation, and those who have sunk, or are sinking, under
 “their yoke.”

Let us take a retrospect of the principles laid down for so
 many years by the federalists—let us contemplate the points
 of their attack upon the democratic party—let us examine in
 detail each part of the antifederal counsels which they con-
 demned—let us then see how they have acted upon the pres-
 ent occasion, and we shall be able to judge of their policy.—
 But my heart sickens at it, and sunk beneath the two fold pres-
 sure of disgust and despair, my soul takes refuge in the imag-
 ination, from the horrible, loathsome objects, presented by the
 senses. My fancy pictures to me the motley crowd at the
 Park, interrupted in their proceedings by a number of voices,
 calling out to make way for a person who approaches, and my
 ears catch the name of Hamilton, first distantly murmured,
 and then uttered in loud shouts of transport by the multitude
 —he is returned—their hero—their patriot-statesman. Their
 father and their guide, was not dead—he was but absent—he
 is restored to them.—The crowd opens, retiring on either

side, like the waves before the prow of a stately vessel, and like the eddy in its wake, as he passes on, they close and roll after him behind, stretching forth their hands towards him, as if to reach the hem of his garment. He advances—he stands within the circle—first glancing with scorn over the enemies of his country, and then casting a momentary look of keen reproach upon those he once called friends—he turns to the people, all around him, while a flame of passionate affection, mixed with tender pity, flashes from his eyes; he waves his hand ;—all are hushed, more mute the tenants of the charnell'd grave are not. Then, in that voice and attitude so well known, so often dwelt upon with rapture, he speaks to them—

“ Dear friends—dear fellow-citizens—Awful and alarming in itself, and afflicting to me, as is the occasion upon which you meet here this day, it scarcely grieves me less to find you called together to consult upon it, and it grieves me infinitely more to find you convened under such auspices. Convened on the one hand by a set of men, who never yet called you together but for the purpose of deceiving you, who never yet associated with you but to aim a blow at our glorious federal constitution, and to eradicate from your bosoms all the reverence for the principles upon which it was founded by your Washington, and his great, wise, and glorious co-patriots—and on the other hand, by a set of men who, trusted with the guardianship of those principles, and that constitution, have, for some purposes, for some new prospects, which have, since I last saw them, opened to their view, deserted their trust, abandoned their country, the constitution and its principles, who have given you up, and indeed themselves bound hand and foot into the hands of these democrats, and now league with them in summoning you here, to inflame, to blind, and to set you all wrong—to precipitate you into a fatal error, and to kindle up a fire, dazzled by the

blaze of which, you may run headlong into the flames, and be consumed.

“ These last to whom I have alluded, I once called my party-friends, and individually, some of them were the friends of my bosom, dear to my affections, high in my opinion, and deeply rooted in my heart. I thought them wise—I thought them virtuous—I did believe, that that which conscience dictated to them as right to be done, they had the courage to do, and that whatever they once dared to attempt, knowing it to be right, they would persevere in executing with fortitude.—But behold, a few months only have elapsed, and what have they done? Why, after three unsuccessful attempts to graft themselves, by approach, upon the wild, thorny, crabbed stock of the bad party which they so long opposed, I find them, on my return, budded into that poison tree, that manchineel of our land, jacobinism; and all at once, without the slightest check from remorse or shame, entering into the delusive schemes of that set of men, whom now I have in my eye, to arm your passions, and array them against your reason; to confound your judgment by exciting your worst prejudices, for the purpose, no doubt, when they have you in that temper, of turning your resentment, for the outrage on the Chesapeake, away from its true, legitimate, and proximate object, their party, and of fixing it upon a false and a remote one, Britain.

“ Had that set of men, in conjunction with whom, with perseverance though without success, we long fought the good fight, not forgotten, or wilfully deserted their duty, they would, instead of joining in the call of this day upon you, taught you the true distinction between those occasions upon which the people may with propriety meet, and those upon which they ought not to be called together to deliver their opinions. They would have apprized you that matters touching internal regulation, where they may be supposed

competent to judge, or impowered to act, there the people may with propriety be called together.—Such I hold to be peculiarly proper in all matters touching election, because the people having the right of suffrage in themselves, it is fitting that they should confer together upon the best mode of exercising it. But, in all cases in which foreign nations are concerned, nothing can be more absurd, and few things can be more wicked or mischievous, than consulting with or taking counsel from the people. In domestic concerns, it is possible for the people to form a correct opinion; and if attempts are made to set them wrong, they have, scattered among them here and there, materials to enable them to detect the imposition, if they should not be, as they too often are, parties in it against themselves. But of foreign relations, none but persons highly enlightened by education, experience and study, deeply versed in general political science, and trained to state affairs, can possibly be competent to judge. To call the people together, in council, upon foreign affairs, therefore, is only to treat our fellow citizens like children—to put razors into their hands, with which, if they open and have any thing to do with them, they will be sure to cut themselves. If this be true, respecting matters of foreign relation in general, how much more imperiously true is it, in a question such as that upon which these two parties have this day convened you—a question, not merely involving foreign concerns, but involving us in war with a foreign country.

“Let me tell you, my dear friends and fellow-citizens, that instead of being surprised and alarmed at this shock, I, for my part, am astonished it did not happen long ago. I have been for years astonished, and so have these federalists, at the forbearance of Great Britain. I have been astonished, and so have they, at the morbid firmness of that man’s mind and resolution (on every other occasion feeble, timid, and irresolute) which could, as your executive has done, persevere

in a system (not very carefully concealed) of covert hostility to the interests of Great Britain, for no purpose that I can see, but to support the abominable armed doctrine which that great country has been endeavouring to destroy. I have been astonished, and so once were my late friends, that he who could endure the insults of France, who could gratify the tyrant of that country by procuring impolitic legislative acts of this, who could cultivate that despot's good graces by sneaking adulation—purchase exemption from his hostility by tribute, and submit his country to that despot's buffeting, and to the buffetings of Spain, should all along present such a spiteful front to Britain. I would ask all who stand around me, was the occlusion from New-Orleans, a smaller wrong than the stopping and boarding our vessels at sea—was the outrageous incursion into our territories on the Mississippi—were the seizure and carrying off, as prisoners, our fellow-citizens, by the Spanish troops, under the orders of the Spanish government, a less insult or a lighter injury than the conduct of capt. Whitby? Was the deliberate, cruel murder, at Charleston bar, committed by Ross and his banditti, under French colours, on the crew of a British vessel trading with us, and under the shield of our amity—was the system followed for years, by the Spanish government, of corrupting the people of our western states, in order to separate them from the union, and bring them under the dominion of Spain—a system of conspiracy in which the favourite placemen of our present administration have been proved to have had a share—were all these things taken together, I say, less a cause of war, on our part, than the affair of the Chesapeake? Certainly not. Then why this rout, this tumult, this noise, this frothy nonsense about the latter, while the former have been, not passed by, *sub silentio*, but worse—noticed with a demand for satisfaction, and refused? Why, because the faction, who will and who do all these things, are too resolute to bend—because they lack a little of that time-serving, expedient-

seeking policy, of which their adversaries have so much to spare—because the democrats, inflexible and indefatigable, are not to be won over to yield one atom, or even for a moment to put on the appearance of disapprobation of any thing, however manifestly atrocious, which they have once done or said, or to flinch from the cause which they have once espoused, because they have not at heart the probity or generosity, nor, not feeling it, do they ever stoop to the mawkish affectation of candour, not even to the hypocrisy of owning themselves once wrong in an unimportant matter, in order to be excused for a greater default, and because, as it was once their will to favour France from affection to jacobinism, they would not allow that country to be wrong in any thing, however imperiously it might act to America. And now, it suits their purposes to blow up the flame, not only because, as jacobins, they abhor Britain, but because they, and their party and chief, having been the cause of this outrage, they know it is their best policy, to divert your eyes and your resentment, from the proper object—that is to say, from their party and its chief, to Britain, who, in whatever hostile acts the navy do, will have acted only under their compulsion. Thus, they will accomplish a two-fold purpose—they will shelter themselves, and provoke, as they have for years been endeavouring to provoke, this country to hatred and actual war with Great Britain.”

Then pausing for a moment, and turning to the federalists—

“ And you—you—Oh shame upon you!—*You* join them in this clamour.—You who once poured forth from all your pens rivulets of gall against these democratic demagogues, for the vile game they were playing upon the people, in inflaming them against Britain, that country which you have ten thousand times asserted, and justly asserted, to be the saviour of the civilized world, from French bondage and jacobinism.—*You* can now play the demagogue—*you* can

now play into the hands of France—*You* can now calmly and deliberately, and with more good will than you would throw a cast off, worn out coat to a pauper, throw off from you, as if it were a burthen, all recollection of the gratitude due to Britain for her sixteen years tough contest for the protection of mankind, against the worst despotism that the human race has ever bent beneath. Has jacobinism, or has French tyranny changed its nature, or have you yours?—Alas—I fear neither. Jacobinism and Napoleon are just the same as when you inveighed against them, and so are you. Circumstances alone are altered. When men give themselves up to the sway of circumstance, and not of principles, their opinions may oscillate as often as the pendulum of a clock—their conduct fluctuate with every flux and reflux of the sea, and yet they themselves remain the same.—When any bad passion gets dominion over the heart of a man, the sense of all things worthy is extinguished. Of all the passions, avarice is the greatest monopolizer of the heart of man.—It thinks that it has nothing, if it has not the whole man, body, soul, intellect and all. In that unfathomable abyss, all is ingulfed.—I ought to have known it before—but now I know, and I assert, that no two things ought to be kept more remote, as no two things can be in their natures more opposite, than the trader's desk, and the bureau of the statesman. Never should the port-feuille of the latter, touch the counter of the former. They can healthfully exist only in different regions—they must breathe in opposite atmospheres. Not more unfit for the pure and virtuous joys of the youthful nuptial bed, are age and ugliness, decrepitude, disease, the gout, serpigo, and the rheum, than commerce for affairs of state, or avarice to play the ardent patriot's part. The systematic, regulated selfishness, engendered by those banes of the soul, are incompatible with that noble self-devotion which fills the patriot's bosom, and keeps him at any, and at every moment of his existence, in readiness to

bring, if need be, with his own hands, the fire to the altar, and lay himself down a willing sacrifice at the shrine of his country's good.—Avarice has come upon you. When you talk of your country, you mean so much trade as you can make in your country.—When you talk of your country's welfare and interests, you mean your profits.—When you talk of her freedom and independence among nations, you mean her right to thrust the little knavish bowsprits of her sea-craft, great and small, into every creek and cranny in the world, to fetch and carry your pedlary.—And when you cant about the justice and necessity of wars, you are only soothing your good hearts, with the delightful anticipation of the greater quantity of traffic its havock and its injuries to others, will of necessity, send to your doors.—The war of ninety-three between Great-Britain and France, was soon discovered by you to be a very just and necessary war, because it put so much of the carrying trade into your hands, and opened to your ravished eyes the golden portals of the French and Spanish colonial trade. On the same principle of selfishness, the peace of Mr. Addington was a detestable, unjust and unnecessary peace, because it shut those portals again; and it was so vilely sudden and unexpected too, that the merchants had not time to shuffle and hedge off, as much as they could of their engagements. All this time, however, Great-Britain was your favourite topic of discourse, and the theme of your rapturous applause, for repressing Bonaparte.—Except when, now and then, it was interrupted by some side glance grins, and jealous misgivings, about the British complaints of the covering trade. Give you only the liberty to carry home to Europe the produce of the French and Spanish colonies, thereby enabling Napoleon to crush Europe, and defeat the generous designs of Britain, you had always at hand your good word, and your players ready to throw into the opposite scale, in favour of Britain—and an abundant supply of maledictions for Bonaparte.—Oh the villain—curse the monster!

What would become of the world if Bonaparte were to conquer Britain?—No doubt it would be consigned to universal slavery. And as for this country, it would assuredly share the common fate! These WERE your words!—but lo! an incident occurs which threatens your traffic, your covering trade, your profits, and which seems to pass sentence of blank leaves upon your ledgers—all is instantly changed, and what are you words now—why surely these:—“What is the world to me?—What care I whether Bonaparte enslaves mankind, America included, or not?—What is it all to us compared with our dear commerce?—Oh my money, my money, my money,—cry these Lovegolts in real life.—What is country, what is independence, or what freedom, if my profits be interrupted?—And as for Britain, I would rather see her sunk in the sea, than that I should lose the covering trade.—Nay, for matter of that, I wish Bonaparte and his army were, at this moment, landed in England.”—And are these the principles of men presuming to call themselves Federalists—of men, daring to press with their unhallowed feet, on the sacred ground, once trodden by Washington, and to call it theirs. Federalists!—what brings you here to-day?—I will tell you. By inefficiency, by matchless sloth, by want of energy, and above all, by unexampled sordidness, you suffered the cause which you assumed to espouse, to slip from its station—grasping at other things, like the dog snapping at the shadow of the meat he carried in his mouth across a river, you let go your hold of federalism. To all practical purposes, you had suffered federalism to die, while in your hands, and left barbarous democracy to ride roughshod over it. Your three expedients to keep it in action, did but sink it the lower—and then, instead of taking counsel from discretion, you seem to have taken it from despair, and to have consigned yourselves to the steep downhill descent to ruin before you, rolling on to the very brink of a precipice, which you ought to have seen must destroy you. You fool-

ishly thought to procure democratic success by adopting democratic practices, therein acting pretty much in the same spirit of sagacity as the old midwife, who thought to recover her customers, who had deserted to a new-come surgeon, by calling herself a MAN MID-WIFE. And you came here to nourish in the people an error, which you once called gross, by flattery, which it was your trade to decry by means which you once maintained to be abominable ; that is, by inflammatory nonsense and folly, you strive to enflame them—and you would fain compliment them into a good opinion of you, by telling them that they are remedying evils, which they are, by that very flattery of yours, encouraged to increase.

Has it never occurred to you, that while the public mind is in the state of error and factious thralldom, under which it has laboured for a long time, your business was, not to struggle for power, but to preserve pure and undefiled the sanctity of a cause—to keep a principle alive, not to attempt to put it in action, till it could be set in motion with reasonable hopes of success? You well knew, that that principle was not to be considered, much less treated, as an instrument by which men were to make their way to power, or, as the vulgar saying is, to the loaves and fishes—(such an instrument is democracy)—but that, on the contrary, those in whose hands it was deposited, ought to have considered themselves merely as the instruments of its conservation, or else to have declined the care of it. But, in your case, the proper order has been inverted. Like the vestal virgins of Rome, your business was to keep the sacred fire perpetually alive. But, alas, not one bit of vestal or of virgin flesh had you about you ; and while your lewd passions, and polluted imaginations, went roaming abroad for gratification, the fire has gone out. The crime is yours—would to heaven that yours only was to be the punishment.

“Whenever a great change is observed in the political state of a nation, it may be considered as a postulate, that it takes its rise, in a great measure, from a change in the manners and principles of the people. The extraordinary change which has occurred in the political situation of this country, since the death of Washington, may be observed to have followed, with strict correspondence, a direful reverse in the morals, manners, and principles of the people—a reverse which sprung and took its blood from the French revolution, from the examples furnished by France, and from the French fashions brought into this country. As long as those principles, morals and manners, remain the same, nothing favourable to the cause of righteousness and federalism can reasonably be hoped from political experiment, with all its ingenuity and chicanery. Sublata causa, tollitur effectus—the morals, manners, and principles of the people, are, in a great measure, made by those who lead them.—The democratic leaders know all this, and they take care, not only by their precepts, but by their example, to pour in the poison to the very source of life.—They have, by degrees, stolen upon the public mind, and mastered it, and have built their dominion over this country upon the degeneracy and corruption which they have introduced. You never see *them* flinch—you never see *them* abate one atom of their original industry,—never for a moment slacken in the prosecution of their designs. They very judiciously consider, that it is not enough to keep the ship above water, and they continue to pump, in order to be assured of its perfect safety into port. Your business was to encounter those men by a spirit like their own, operating to a very different end, and to destroy their bad principles, by keeping in vigorous and healthy opposition, the glorious principles, moral and political, as well as the correspondent manners, on which federalism was founded.—And have you done all this?—No—on the contrary, you have made common cause with the persons who have intro-

duced and supported those bad principles, and in doing so you have deserted your own.

“This multitude which surrounds you, take their principles, their morals, and their manners, (I mean in things public) wholly from the two political parties who lead them. Every man in this circle and in the union, looks either to the democrats or to you, or to both of you on this occasion. How much then must your principles have lost in public opinion and reverence by your subornation of them upon this occasion. With what face can you ever, hereafter, presume to censure the inflammatory brawling of demagogues, when here you stand joining in them upon the pavement. By your ill fated conduct you have robbed federalism of its glories, and by this base compromise, you have deprived good federalists of their best topics for its defence. I would ask you what one of the various heads of misconduct—what one of the many classes of malefaction under which you have impeached the faction in power, it is, that you have not shut yourself out from, by these compromises. Upon the charges against them for a dangerous and impolitic leaning to France, you have, by your saddling Britain with this business, given them a complete general amnesty—and along with it, all the minor parts which composed it, such as the raising an army for France, the repairs of the *Berceau* frigate, and many other articles I will not take up your time with stating, have fallen to the ground. One of your most important objects of charge, against the democratic administration, was the repeal of the internal taxes, and the substitution of port duties upon imported goods. This you knew, and frequently charged against the ruling faction, to be one of those measures of deception, by which they got into power, and by which they acquired that undeserved influence in the country, and that dangerous ascendancy over the people against which the federal party has all along opposed its force. The necessity of resorting again to internal taxes, was one of

the points upon which you most rigorously pressed the faction, prognosticating that if any emergency should drive them to that necessity, the impolicy of their conduct must appear to the nation so glaring, that they would never be able to satisfy the people upon it. Your conduct this day, conjointly with that of the faction, has an aspect directly to war with Britain. The consequence of such a war would be the demolition of the whole revenue, as it is now raised, and a direct recurrence to internal taxes, the odium and unpopularity of which taxes, wholly excited by their wicked representations, would serve to place them in the public opinion in their true light. Here there would be a fair opportunity for you to come forward and exhibit them in full character : But how can you do so after what has passed this day. Can you have the face to come forward, and while conscious of having done your utmost to inflame and urge them on, and to throw the whole blame of the war from off them, upon Britain, can you oppose or censure, nay will you not be bound to join them, in re-enacting the internal taxes, while if you should but utter a word in opposition, they may in answer say, “ were it not for the war, the usual revenue would have continued, and would have sufficed for all the purposes of the state, and internal taxes would not have been necessary—but you federalists, have been warm in urging on the war, and have therefore occasioned the necessity for these taxes which you have now the assurance to oppose.

“ I will not dwell upon the variety of topics, which you have thrown out of your hands, and which would have served in this crisis to shew the people of this country the incapacity of the men now in office, and the corruptness of the means by which they have got into it.

“ But this is the least evil of all. You have dishonoured federalism, and sullied its purity, by the coalitions you have formed, since possessed with such principles as the demo-

crats avow and act upon, to mingle with, or make one common cause with them, is contamination to a federalist—you have lowered the reputation of your cause, you have lowered yourselves.—After this last junction, it is to be presumed, that you will not venture again forward as candidates for public favour.—The democrats conclude so, the country expects it. Alas! where now is the dignity of the party,—or is it fled with its spirit?—Where is the grandeur, the glory of federalism now?—Where are its splendid hopes, its towering pride, derived from conscious worth, and from a sense of the highest services of independence, laws, and good order, conferred upon this country—Where are all these gone, or are they gone for ever?—Gone—alas, gone—but heaven forbid, for ever. Their ashes laid up in a majestic urn, repose far to the south, where sustained by every consolation, which boundless goodness of heart and greatness of mind can lend to dignity, they are mourned over by the brave veteran, the patriot father of his country. Oh, if it were given by heaven to the people to know their interest—to seek their own felicity and freedom, and the permanent security and independence of their country, in the counsels and superintending guardianship of the truly wise and truly virtuous, then should the genius of federalism rise from its ashes, and by her inspiration, the people of this country, one and all, be seen embalming the names of their federal heroes with tears of repentance for the past, consecrating them to everlasting fame, with their gratitude and love:—emblazoning the escutcheon of the house of Pinckney, with new honours, and adding a Phœnix, in the heraldry of the country, to its arms.”

My dear friend, when I deeply feel what I am thinking of, my heart takes my understanding captive, and leads my judgment away with it, wherever it pleases; in this condition of mind and feeling, I fell insensibly into this prosopopœia, and

have carried it, I find, farther than strict critical judgment can approve. But I care not—I write to a friend—I have indulged my heart, and provided I make my sentiments understood, it is of little consequence whether I do so writing directly from myself, or speaking by a fiction of the fancy through the mouth of that great man whose loss, for ever to be deplored, ought at this moment to be more severely felt by the country than at any past, or than probably it can be at any future period. Because his counsel and his spirit are more necessary at this crisis, than they ever were, or, it is to be hoped, ever will be.

What I have here said, is but a very small portion of what I have to say. If business of a very urgent kind does not prevent it, you shall soon hear again from me, on other parts of this important subject.





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